

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

MAY
10¢
NO. 16



IN THIS ISSUE: A COMPLETE WESTERN NOVELETTE
THE DEADLY INHERITANCE!

Captain Marvel

The Marvel Family

YOUNG EAGLE

Rod Cameron
WESTERN

Bob Steele

WESTERN

MOTION PICTURE COMICS

MASTER COMICS

LASH LARUE
WESTERN

Bill Boyd
WESTERN

TEX BITTER
WESTERN

Funny Animals

Gabby Hayes
Western

HOPALONG CASSIDY

WESTERN HERO

WHIZ COMICS

Rocky Lane
WESTERN

CAPTAIN VIDEO

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DON WINSLOW
STAR OF TELEVISION, MOVIES, RADIO

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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
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63 99

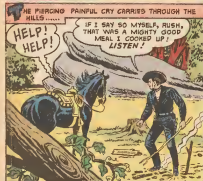
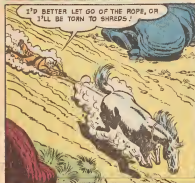
Lash LARUE

in

The DEADLY INHERITANCE

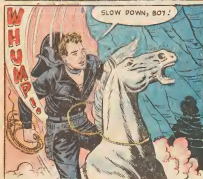
PART ONE
THE
FATAL
REPORT

Murder and sudden death walked hand in hand in the days of the old frontier! LASH LARUE, the roving Marshal, sought to make the way safe, but the job of protecting the innocent from the ruthless was difficult and Lash was forced to exert his strength and fire blazing six-guns to defeat the conspirators of THE DEADLY INHERITANCE!





THAT CRY'S COMING FROM BELOW!



SLOW DOWN, BOY!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'M BADLY SHAKEN UP, BUT STILL ALIVE—THANKS TO YUH, LASH!

YOU OWN THE BIGGEST HORSE RANCH IN THESE PARTS, BILLINGS. YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO TRY TO CATCH THESE WILD HORSES BY YOURSELF! THAT'S WORK FOR A YOUNG COWPOKE!

I RECKON YO'RE RIGHT, LASH! IT'S TIME I DID RETIRE! MY NEPHEW, TOM, IS DOWN IN MEXICO PROSPECTING FER GOLD! I'M GOING TO WRITE HIM TO COME HOME AND TAKE OVER THE RANCH!

SOMETIME LATER, IN MEXICO....

DO YOU KNOW TOM BILLINGS?

YES! IN FACT, HE'S STAKED OUT A GOLD CLAIM RIGHT NEXT TO OURS!

I'VE A LETTER HERE FOR HIM! SINCE YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE HILLS, MAYBE YOU'D DELIVER IT TO HIM!

SURE! GIVE IT HYAR!

LATER....

THERE'S BILLINGS NOW, TROTT! GIVE HIM HIS LETTER!

KEEP QUIET, BELL! ACCORDING TO THE RETURN ADDRESS ON THE ENVELOPE, THIS LETTER COMES FROM THAT RICH UNCLE JESS OF HIS! MAYBE THERE'S MONEY IN IT—AND WE SURE COULD USE SOME MONEY!

I DON'T THINK YUH SHOULD OPEN THAT LETTER UNTIL YUH TALK TO DIGGER! AFTER ALL, HE'S THE BRAINS OF OUR OUTFIT!

I'M TAKING THE LETTER TO DIGGER NOW!

SHORTLY AFTER....

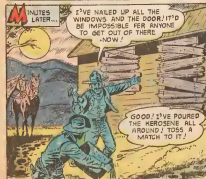
THERE'S NO MONEY IN THE LETTER! IT'S EVEN BETTER THAN THAT!

WHAT DO YUH MEAN, DIGGER?

ACCORDING TO THIS LETTER, OLD MAN BILLINGS WANTS HIS NEPHEW TO COME HOME SO HE CAN TURN OVER HIS RICH HORSE RANCH TO HIM! SINCE TOM DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, I THINK I KNOW HOW WE CAN GET HOLD OF THAT RANCH!



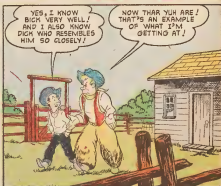




MOLASSES MOUTH



THE
DIFFICULT QUESTION!



BOYS! GIRLS!
SEND TODAY FOR THE NEW
Cracker Jack
WESTERN BELT-
IT'S A BEAUTY!

BRIGHT METAL MATCHING LOOP

BRIGHT SILVER COLOR WESTERN BUCKLE

ALL-OVER WESTERN DESIGN

Wear a Cracker Jack Western Belt. To get yours simply send the Sailor Boys from the backs of 2 Cracker Jack packages, with only 25c in coin, to The Cracker Jack Co., Desk 70, 4800 W. 66th St., Chicago 38, Ill.

YOURS FOR 2 Cracker Jack SAILOR BOYS AND 25¢ IN COIN

★ **WESTERN BELT COUPON** ★
The Cracker Jack Co., Desk 70, 4800 W. 66th St., Chicago 38, Ill.
Enclosed is 25c in coin and 2 Sailor Boys taken from Cracker Jack packages for which send Western Belt: ☐ to ☐ to

Name
Address
City Zone State

COWBOYS ENJOY Cracker Jack

Wherever cowboys and cowgirls gather you're sure to find Cracker Jack there, too. It's a real Western treat: this candy coated popcorn and the more they eat the more they want. Be like the brawny cowboys: treat yourself to Cracker Jack often. Remember, there's a surprise novelty in every pack.



QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT—4 CORRECT, GOOD—
3 CORRECT, FAIR—2 CORRECT, POOR!

- ① PAUL REVERE'S RIDE COVERED 40 MILES.

TRUE.....

FALSE.....



- ② ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS PRESIDENT IMMEDIATELY BEFORE RUTHERFORD HAYES.

TRUE.....

FALSE.....



- ③ COLORADO IS KNOWN AS THE COLORFUL STATE.

TRUE.....

FALSE.....



- ④ THOMAS JEFFERSON'S PICTURE IS ON THE \$50,000 BILL.

TRUE.....

FALSE.....



- ⑤ COMMODORE RANKS BETWEEN A CAPTAIN AND AN ADMIRAL.

TRUE.....

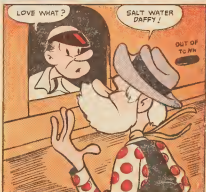
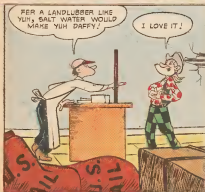
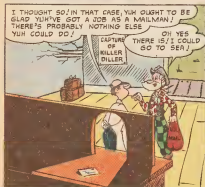
FALSE.....

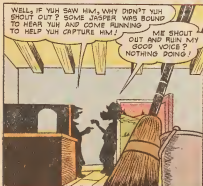
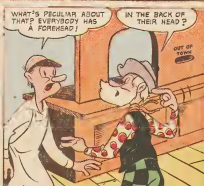
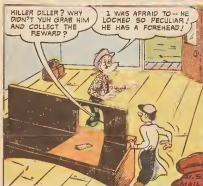


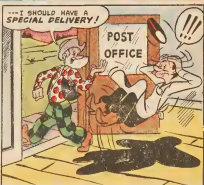
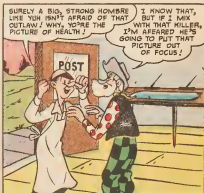
ANSWERS:

1. FALSE, 20 MILES. 2. FALSE, U.S. GRANT.
3. TRUE. 4. FALSE, THERE IS NO \$50,000 BILL. 5. TRUE.









Ask for Lash LaRue
Outfits at your
favorite store

Designed
FOR YOU BY
LASH LaRUE

BOYS AND GIRLS GET YOUR GENUINE *Lash* **LaRUE** OUTFITS

If you are unable to obtain Lash LaRue outfits from your local store, use the mail order form below. Prices are postpaid in the U. S. A.—However no C.O.D.—please send remittance with order.

MAIL ORDER FORM

WESTERN ADVENTURE SALES — Box 1805, Charlotte, N. C.

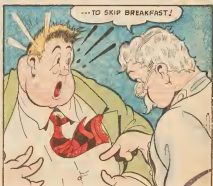
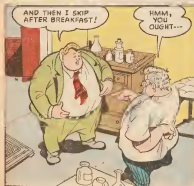
Ship to	
Name	
Street	
Box or RFD	
City, Zone, and State	
LR-P: PANTS (Black) Sizes: 4-6-8-10	\$3.25
LR-J: JACKET (Black) (Small 4-6) (Med. B-10)	3.25
LR-H: HAT (Black) Sizes: Small, Med., Large	2.15
LR-S: SHIRT (Knitted) Sizes: 2-4-6-8	2.15
LR-T1: BLACK "T" SHIRT (Ex. Sm.—Sm.—Med.—Large)	1.25
LR-T2: "T" SHIRT (colors) (Ex. Sm.—Sm.—Med.—Large)	1.10
LR-N: TIE (Ready tied—assorted colors)	.65
LR-W2: WHIP—DeLuxe All Leather	2.50
LR-W1: Jr. WHIP—Braided yarn	1.00
LR-P1: 11x14 Autographed photo	.50
LR-P2: 8x10 Autographed photo	.25

Name and address
of your local store

See

LASH LaRUE and FUZZY St. JOHN
in "KING OF THE BULLWHIP"
at your favorite movie theatre

WATCH FOR THE LASH LaRUE TELEVISION SHOW



56

59

Lash LARUE

in the **DEADLY INHERITANCE**

PART TWO RUSH'S CAPTURE



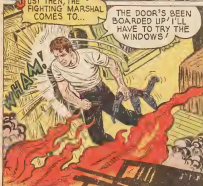
EVEN IF LASH COMES TO IT'D BE IMPOSSIBLE TO GET OUT OF THAT INFERNO THE WAY WE BOARDED UP ALL THE WINDOWS AND THE DOOR!

AND WITHOUT HIM TO BRING BACK A REPORT THAT JESS BILLINGS' NEPHEW, TOM, IS STILL ALIVE, THE OLD MAN WILL SURELY TURN THE RANCH OVER TO US! LET'S VAMOOSE!

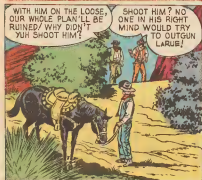
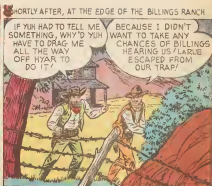
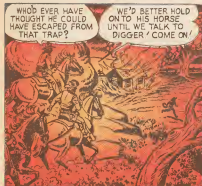
JUST THEN, THE FIGHTING MARSHAL COMES TO...

THE DOOR'S BEEN BOARDED UP, I'LL HAVE TO TRY THE WINDOWS!

THEY'RE BOARDED UP, TOO!









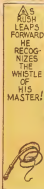
THERE'S RUSH NOW, BUT WHAT ARE THOSE VARMINTS WITH HIM DOING?



THIS SMACK ON THE RUMP WILL SEND HIM DASHING RIGHT OVER THE CLIFF!



THEY'VE GOT RUSH BLINDFOLDED! THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL HIM!



AS RUSH LEAPS FORWARD HE RECOGNIZES THE WHISTLE OF HIS MASTER!



LOOK AT THE WAY THAT HORSE PIVOTED AROUND! HE RECOGNIZED THAT WHISTLE! IT MUST BE LARUE'S, BUT WHERE DID IT COME FROM?



FROM THAT TREE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? IF WE STAY HERE HE'S GOT US CORNERED!

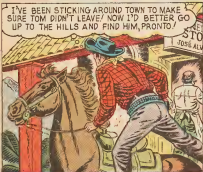
WE BETTER RUN FOR IT! BUT FIRST COVER YORE FACES SO HE CAN'T RECOGNIZE US!



YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY IF I CAN HELP IT! FIRST YOU TRY TO KILL ME AND THEN MY HORSE! I RECKON IT'S TIME WE HAD A SHOWDOWN!



DAYS LATER, IN MEXICO...



WAS LASH MADE THE TRIP TO MEXICO FOR NOTHING? WILL THE OUTLAWS GET AWAY WITH THEIR SCHEME TO STEAL THE RANCH AWAY FROM JESS BILLINGS? READ ON FOR PART THREE OF **THE DEADLY INHERITANCE!**



COMING COMIC ATTRACTIONS

VIVIDLY REAL HUNTING AND FISHING ACTION STORIES

with

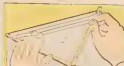
Bob Swift

BOY SPORTSMAN

10¢ TO APPEAR SOON ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

MAKE KITES

quicker, easier with these
TAPE SHORTCUTS!



SEAL - Seal edges of tape with tape. Use Scotch Tape to seal edges of tape.



REINFORCE - Reinforce edges of tape with a strip of tape. Use Scotch Tape to reinforce edges of tape.



DECORATE - Decorate your kite with tape. Use Scotch Tape to decorate your kite.



MEND - Mend your kite with tape. Use Scotch Tape to mend your kite.

FREE

Send for your copy of "Tricks with Tape", new booklet full of interesting plus time ideas. Write Dept. E-31, Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., St. Paul 5, Minn., enclosing a paid tin from a roll of Scotch Cellophane Tape.

SCOTCH

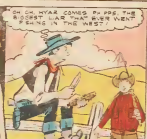
BRAND
Cellophane Tape



10g-15c
25c-29c

Transparent as glass
Seals without marring

© 1955, 3M Co.



THE TRAP

By Bill Alexander



THE council fire splashed golden light on the grim faces of the assembled braves as they listened soberly to Chief Great Eagle. Last night another child was killed. A huge grizzly bear had been raiding the village for weeks. The tribes called the bear Two Claw. Great Eagle rose slowly to his full height, held his bow above his head, and called out, "Track down and kill the bear."

"I can catch Two Claw!" a young voice blurted out from the edge of the clearing. The braves turned in surprise to see a boy nervously clutching his tiny bow, the firelight revealing his patched and mended leggings. Then a roar of laughter broke from a hundred strong throats deriding the one who dared interrupt their chief. Flying Arrow, son of Great Eagle, and newly admitted to the circle of braves, strode to the fire.

"Do I hear the words of a mountain lion coming from the mouth of a rabbit?" he mocked. "Bears are for hunters to catch. Not for those who would do the work of woman!"

The boy, Little Deer, stood terrified, wanting to run away, and forgetting about the trap he had built. The trap with which he hoped to catch Two Claw. At Flying Arrow's words, laughter seemed to shake the stars in the sky. Great Eagle raised his hand.

"SILENCE!" he ordered. "Little Deer, you have spoken boldly. Your father was a great hunter and some day you may be worthy of his name, but," he paused, his look burning through the firelight at Little Deer, "you came here to boast while your mother is alone and in danger. Your place is with her. There is time enough for you to become a brave."

Little Deer stared at the ground avoiding the hostile faces around him. Shamed, he ran into the woods. The council of braves returned to the problem of catching Two Claw, but Flying Arrow paid little attention. He had thoughts of his own.

Flying Arrow feared Little Deer because they shared a dark secret. Flying Arrow had

passed his test to become a hunter by shooting an eagle on the wing. But what the chief and his braves didn't know was that Flying Arrow found the eagle dead, then shot the arrow into it. Little Deer had come upon him just as he let the arrow fly. Since then, the chief's son lived in constant fear that Little Deer would tell their secret. "If I only could have him banished from the tribe!" Flying Arrow thought.

The sun was low in the sky as Little Deer finished picking the corn for his mother to grind. He stacked the ears next to their wigwam, then walked slowly to the edge of the woods. Just inside the shadow of the trees was a large hole. Little Deer slowly began placing pine branches across the top. He had found the tell-tale tracks of Two Claw leading out of the woods at that spot. He was sure he could trap the bear.

Covering the hole with branches, he was about to spread leaves over them when he heard a twig snap behind him. He wheeled and saw Flying Arrow leading a goat across the clearing.

"I came to help you catch Two Claw," Flying Arrow said to the other boy, halting before the trap. "You did me a favor and I came to repay you."

"I've forgotten about the eagle, Flying Arrow," Little Deer said seriously. "But I'm sure we can get that bear."

"I brought one of my father's goats," the chief's son smiled nervously. "You can use him as bait."

Little Deer ran to the wigwam and came back with a pointed stick. "I was going to use . . ." he hesitated, "a rabbit as bait." Then he grinned. "A goat is much better!"

Together they drove the stick into the side of the pit and tied the animal to it. Old Two Claw would have to cross the pit to get the goat. They covered the branches with leaves until the trap was almost invisible. Reaching into his leather jacket, Little Deer pulled out a small pouch filled with ground, dried animal glands. He scattered the strong smelling mix-

ture around the trap to hide the human scent. Then both boys stepped back to admire their work.

"Now all we have to do is wait," Little Deer said proudly.

"Yes," agreed the chief's son, for the moment sharing in the enthusiasm and forgetting why he had stolen his father's goat. "I must return to the village now," he said suddenly, turning to go.

"You're not going to wait for Two Claw?" Little Deer asked in surprise.

"No," he answered. "You built the trap, and it is only right that you catch Two Claw by yourself."

Little Deer watched the boy disappear into the woods at the other side of the clearing. It was late in the fall and darkness came quickly.

Flying Arrow peered across the moonlit clearing. "Somewhere in those trees Little Deer is foolishly watching his trap," he thought. "And he doesn't know it's a trap I set for him!" Shuddering because of the cold, Flying Arrow smiled in the darkness. He had left word at the village that Little Deer had stolen one of his father's goats. Soon Great Eagle would come back from the hunt, hear of the goat and. . . What was that?

Not knowing that he was being watched, Little Deer got up to stretch his cramped legs. The goat bleated nervously. The wind had turned cold and shifted to the north. The boy made his way quietly past the goat to the other side of the trap to be downwind of it. Again he crouched behind a tree, holding his bow and arrow ready.

For a moment everything was silence, the goat seemed to be frozen in the moonlight. Then the animal began to pull and strain at its cord, bleating in terror. There was a loud shuffling noise followed by a spine-tingling growl! All at once, a great black form emerged from the woods. As if sensing danger it reared up on its hind feet, stood motionless for a moment, then lunged at the goat. *Crash!* Little Deer could feel the ground tremble as the huge bear plunged through the branches and hit the bottom of the pit.

The boy was on his feet when a great paw with only two claws reached over the top of the pit. The pit was too small! Enraged, Two Claw pulled himself out of the trap. Little Deer shot one arrow, then another into the bear's

chest! Two Claw roared in pain, beating the air with his fore legs. Little Deer stepped back to shoot another arrow but stumbled and fell down. Fangs gleaming, Two Claw charged the boy!

Little Deer felt the great weight fall upon him, but nothing happened! Two Claw's terrible head lay upon his chest as eyes staring madly, an arrow lodged between them!

"Are you all right?" Flying Arrow asked anxiously, struggling to move the dead bear.

"I think so . . ." Little Deer panted, almost overcome by the weight.

They pulled and tugged, and at last Little Deer was free.

"I never thought old Two Claw would come," stammered Flying Arrow. "I gave you the goat because my father would think you had stolen it and would then banish you from the tribe! I was afraid you might tell him that I found the eagle and . . ."

"Enough!" It was Great Eagle. While the boys were moving the bear they hadn't noticed the chief and the elders of the tribe approach. "I came to find a brave man's son a thief," Great Eagle said severely. "And I find my own son a liar!"

The boys were too surprised to speak. The chief placed his hand on Little Deer's shoulder, "Indeed you could catch Two Claw. For your courage and skill you are made a hunter of the tribe, and all men shall know you as Strong Deer, the Hunter, as they knew your father." Without changing his tone of voice, Great Eagle turned to Flying Arrow. "And you, who once was my son, shall never carry your bow in these hunting grounds again."

"Wait, oh, Great Eagle!" Little Deer pleaded, stepping up to the chief. "It was your son's arrow that killed Two Claw and saved my life! It was I he wronged, and I ask that he remain in the tribe."

"In that case," Great Eagle said solemnly, "I must respect your wish. Flying Arrow shall be known as Lying Arrow until the trees are green again. If during that time he passes the test for hunters and acts with dignity in the face of shame, he will take again his place as my son. And now," he called to the sky, "for the feast of the Autumn Moon, give thanks! Two Claw is dead!"

THE END

Wagonwheels in "FLY TROUBLE"

HOWDY, GUS, I SEE YORE STORE IS FULL OF FLIES AS USUAL!

(SIGH) YEAH! I SHORE WISH I COULD GET RID OF THEM WAGONWHEELS!

I'LL MAKE A PROPOSITION WITH YOU, GUS! IF YUH GIVE ME A DRINK OF THAT SODA, I'LL KILL EVERY FLY IN THE PLACE!

YUH WILL! IT'S A DEAL! HYAR'S YORE SODA!



(GLUB, GLUB) AH, THAT SHORE WUZ GOOD! I GAVE YUH THE FREE DRINK! NOW YUH'VE GOT TO KILL THE FLIES LIKE YUH SAID!

THAT'S RIGHT! GOOD! I'LL KILL EVERY ONE! HUH? WHAR ARE YUH GOING?

RIGHT HYAR! OKAY, I'M READY! GUS --- SEND THEM FLIES OUT ONE BY ONE!



LASH LARUE

Star of Western Adventures Productions, is coming soon in KING OF THE BULLWHIP! Watch for it at your local theatre

LASH LARUE is currently playing at your local movie house in:

- ★ OUTLAW COUNTRY
- ★ SON OF BILLY THE KID
- ★ DEAD MAN'S GOLD
- ★ MARK OF THE LASH
- ★ FRONTIER REVENGE
- ★ SON OF A BAD MAN

Ask your theatre manager when he will show the next LASH LARUE picture!

55

99

Lash LARUE

The DEADLY INHERITANCE

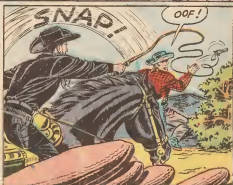


PART THREE

THE STORM

FASTER, RUSH!
I HAVE A HUNCH
SOMETHING IS
WRONG!

KILLING TOM IS SUCH AN
EASY JOB. I'M GLAD I
ALREADY SENT THE MESSAGE
BACK THAT HE WAS DEAD!
IT'LL SAVE ME THE JOB
OF RUSHING BACK TO TOWN
AFTER I FINISH THE
JOB!







WILL YOU TALK NOW,
OR DO YOU WANT TO
FIGHT SOME MORE?

NO!
I'VE HAD
ENOUGH!
I'LL TALK!



AFTER TROTT CONFESSED.....

IT'S A LUCKY
THING FOR ME YUH
GOT HERE WHEN YUH
DID, LASH, OR I'D NOT
ONLY HAVE LOST THE
RANCH BUT I'D HAVE
BEEN KILLED,
TOO!

NOW WE'VE
GOT TO WORRY
ABOUT YOUR
UNCLE! DON'T
FORGET, HE'LL
SOON GET THE
PHONY MESSAGE
THAT TROTT SENT
WITH MY NAME
SIGNED TO IT!

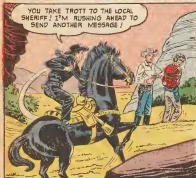


BUT EVEN IF
UNCLE JESS
SIGNS OVER
THE RANCH,
WITH TROTT'S
CONFESSION,
WE'LL GET THE
RANCH
BACK!

YES, BUT THOSE KILLERS
INTEND TO KILL YOUR
UNCLE AS SOON AS HE
SIGNS THE PAPERS SO
THEY'LL BE ABLE TO
TAKE OVER THE RANCH
IMMEDIATELY!



YOU TAKE TROTT TO THE LOCAL
SHERIFF! I'M RUSHING AHEAD TO
SEND ANOTHER MESSAGE!

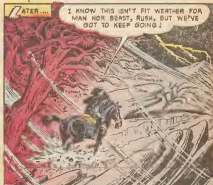
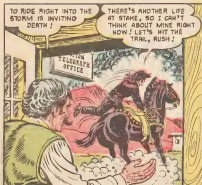


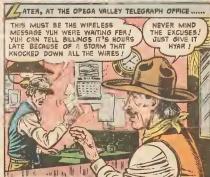
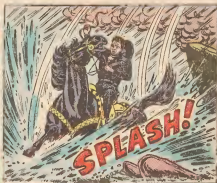
AT THE WIRELESS OFFICE.....

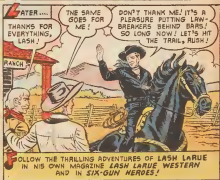
I AM SORRY, BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE
TO SEND A MESSAGE THROUGH NOW!
THERE IS A TERRIFIC STORM HEADING
THIS WAY AND MOST OF THE LINES
ARE ALREADY DOWN!

I'LL LEAVE THE
MESSAGE HERE!
PLEASE SEND IT AS
SOON AS YOU CAN!
IN THE MEANTIME,
I'M GOING TO HEAD
BACK FOR THE STATES!

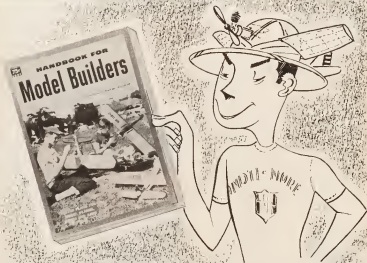








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ORGANIZATION'S NAME (if any) _____

STREET AND NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ **MEN and WOMEN!** If you hunt or shoot, you belong in the junior NRA. Check here for facts.



1
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"SEW ON" BRASSARD
(EMBROIDERED EMBLEM)



2
OFFICIAL NRA
JUNIOR RIFLE
HANDBOOK



National Rifle Association of America

This is to certify that the person whose signature appears on the other side is an **ACTIVE JUNIOR MEMBER** in good standing of this Association for the term indicated.



3
OFFICIAL NRA
MEMBERSHIP
WALLET CARD

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The National Rifle Association of America is a non-profit, non-sectarian organization of over half a million shooters. It is the oldest national sportsmen's association in the United States. For 80 years NRA has rendered America a civilian program of instruction in the safe and proper handling of firearms. It has trained 2½ million boys and girls in marksmanship. Now, since the Junior Program has been expanded, air rifle owners can participate in this time-tested training program.



DAISY
Air Rifles

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPT. 1251, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

creators, repackaged by DC Comics

THE TEEN TITANS

Illustration: 1990s

For Sale #798

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